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Volume



MR. JABBERJEE AND THE DURBAR.

To Honble Sir — *Punch*, K.C.I.E., B.A., F.R.Z.S. . .
(Please add initials to liking). H. J. B.

HONORED AND INDULGENT FATHER!

Eighteen calendar months have now rolled their relentless wheels over this unassuming head since I last had the honour to illuminate your notorious periodical with the lubrications of my brain, since which date, in consequence of publication in voluminous form of a first-class Society Novel, I am become a permanency on Fame's dizzy pinnacle and the Celebrity at Home.

Once again with proud obsequiousness I crawl to your august footstool, and, embracing your distinguished feet with the easy assurance of an old crony, I entreat you, as

the only plan I have to climb, to plant a spoke in my Wheel of Fortune.

The case, Highly respectable Sir, is as follows: I am consumed with an uncontrollable hankering to receive an official invite to the Delhi Durbar for the celebration of the King-Emperor's Coronation. No sooner did the glad tidings of Royal Recovery reach my enchanted ears than I immediately manifested the unfeigned jollity of a Sandboy, and let off several large fireworks in the vicinity of my family mansion, which was profusely adorned with divers oil-lamps and appropriate mottoes of own composition.

Not that I would base my claims to consideration on such paltry and flimsy foundations as these—which are merely mentioned as a guarantee of loyal sentiments.

But, from certain leading articles in the *London Times*

and other native prints, I gather that it is Honble Viceroy Curzon's wise and long-headed policy to welcome as guests, not only Princes and Chiefs and Civil and Military knobs, but in *additum* all possessing any representative quality whatever.

To quote the Viceroyalty's own words *verbatim*, "Provinces and States see little and know little of one another. Princes who live in the South have rarely, if ever, in their lives seen or visited the States of the North. There is many a man in Madras who has never seen the Punjab, or even in Bombay who is wholly ignorant of Bengal."

What a pity that such standoffishness should be suffered to continue! I do not puff myself into princely proportions—although generally accorded such brevet rank while a West End resident of Ladbroke Hill, Bayswater—still I shall venture to affirm that, as the leading representative of Native home-made Literature, I deserve rather to be kindly patted on the head than severely ignored and buried in a napkin, as at present.

Also I am full as a vetch with reliable and fairly accurate information upon all Bengali topics, and, if included in this magnificent *omnium gatherum*, would willingly embrace the opportunity of passing the time of day and exchanging ideas on the give and take system with any Sikh or Maratha grandee not too eaten up by antiquated prejudices to converse with me on terms of mutual amenity and affability.

You will therefore kindly—without any preliminary beating the bush that is proverbially a superfluity in the case of good wine—at once point out to whatever Excellency is superintending the doling out of invitation tickets what a calamitous *fauz pas* and awful howler he will infallibly perpetrate should he leave this insignificant self to blow unseen.

Now I am to wheeze intelligence into your private ear which will come as the pleasant surprise. I am no longer a mere Native Novelist—but am already blossomed out into the budding Dramatist!

For it so happened that, a short time ago, I came upon a rather well-written novelette by a certain Mrs. SHELLY, containing the history of a young European foreign student called *Frankenstein*, who employed his leisure hours in constructing a large-sized Monster, which subsequently became a devilish nuisance.

Upon this indubitably far-fetched idea I have—after making alterations and additions so as to render it suitable to the footlamps that shed their fierce light upon theatrical socks and buskins—founded a very fine drama in blank verses with prosaic intervals, in the style rendered popular by the late WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Fancy's sweetest child—or Honble BACON, according to latest authorities.

It is my intention to submit selected specimens of this magnificent composition for publication in your esteemed journal, in the humble confidence that they will produce a sensation of gaping wonderment in all who read them, and that I shall instantaneously be inundated with urgent entreaties from prominent London acting managers that they are to have the first refusal of such a lucky hit.

But I must warn any such ambitious tragedians that they cannot represent so colossal a character as the Monster in a competent manner, unless they are thoroughly *au faits* in walking on rather high stilts.

I have said enough to wet the public appetite for what is certain to turn out a literary tit-bit of no mediocre flavour, and—provided you on your part consent to work the oracle with Honble Lords CURZON and KITCHENER to obtain for me a front (or even a second-rank) seat at the Delhi Durbar—you will be at liberty to publish sample scenes from my Tragedy at ordinary trade prices.

Thanking you in advance for these and all other favours to come.

I have the honour to remain,

Your most loyal and servile Friend,

HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.

(Author of "*Jottings and Tiltings*," "*A Bayard from Bengal*," "*Frankenstein and his Promethian*, a Tragic Drama," &c., &c., &c.)

P.S.—In the present confused state of Copyright Law I am not aware if it is *de rigueur* to procure the formal consent of the above-mentioned Mrs. SHELLY to the dramatification of her able effort. If so, kindly do the needful on my behalf, and inform her that the advertisement she will obtain by the production of such a play will form a most remunerative *quid pro quo*.

LATEST QUOTATIONS FROM THE CITY (OF DELHI).

(Sent by Mr. Thomas Atkins.)

"THE DURBAR."

THE king gave order that his town should keep High festival.

Sir Edwin Arnold (*The Light of Asia*, Bk. I., line 96).

I met a hundred men on the road to Delhi, and they were all brothers.—Native Proverb.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers.

Milton (*Paradise Lost*, Bk. V., line 601).

One, two, three, four, or ten, and then by tens To hundreds, thousands.

Sir Edwin Arnold (*The Light of Asia*, Bk II., line 201).

There were noblemen in coronets, and military cousins, There were captains by the hundred, there were baronets by dozens.—W. S. Gilbert (*Ferdinando and Elvira*).

Gods meet gods and juggle.—Dryden and Lea.

The gorgeous East with richest hand Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

Milton (*Paradise Lost*, Bk. II., line 4).

Never in my life saw I so many fine clothes . . . embroideries and rich gold stuff.

Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu's Letters.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience.

Shakespeare (*Henry VIII.*, iii. 2).

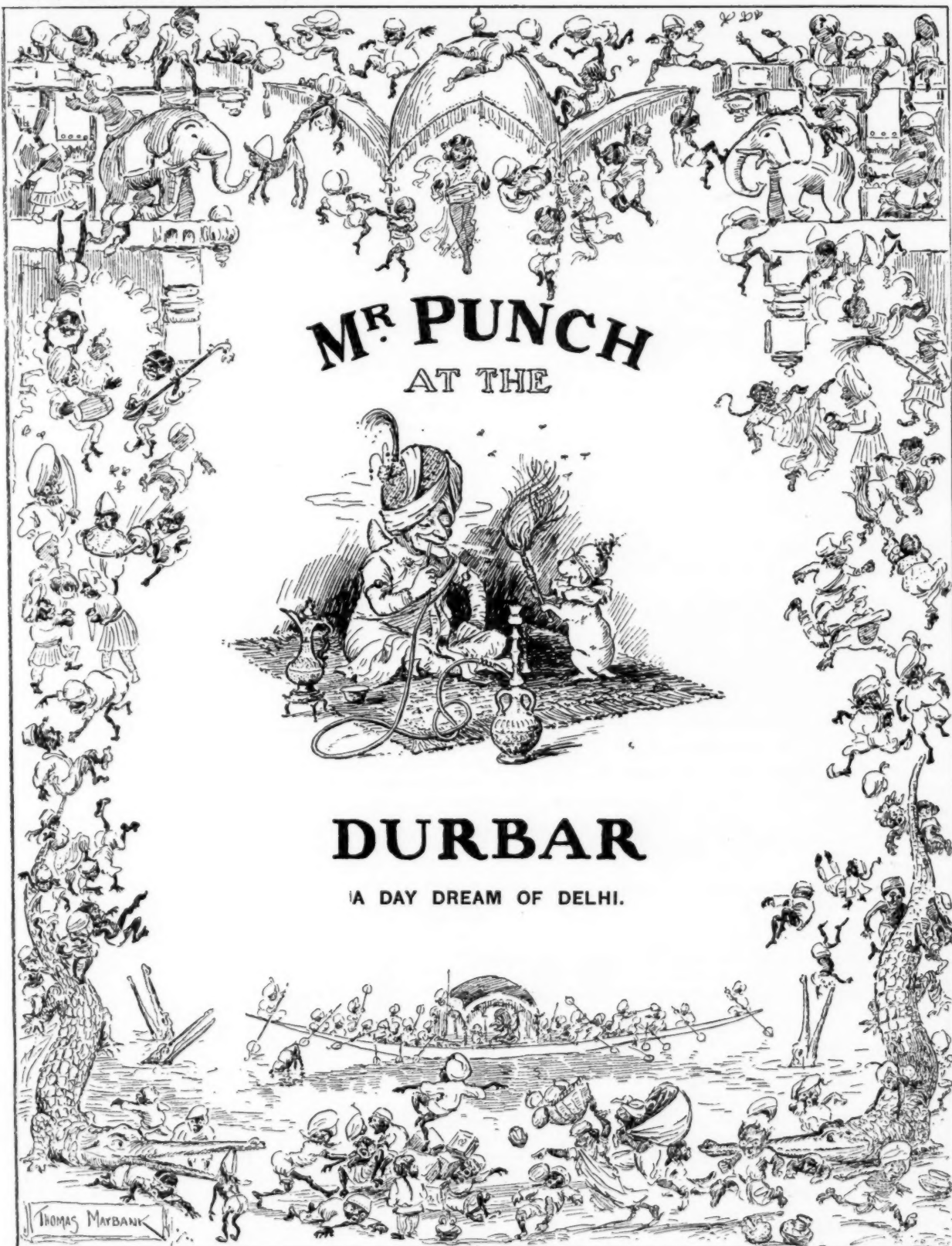
And let us all hope that blissful things May come of alliance with darky kings.

W. S. Gilbert (*The Three Kings of Chickeraaboo*).

AN ADMIRABLE CRICHTON INDEED.—The following advertisement has recently appeared more than once in the *Observer* and *Chronicle for Hants and Dorset* :—

AS BUTLER, or man and wife, or temporary dinners, &c. Aged 29. Height 5 ft. 7 in. Good Characters, English. Disengaged.—

Here indeed is a man capable of filling a long-felt want!



THE DELHI DURBAR.

(Air—Bonny Dundee.)

To the Chiefs and the Princes 'twas CURZON who spoke,
 "Ere this show is well over we're like to be broke;
 But the date has been fixed, so from near and from far
 We must up and away to the Delhi Durbar.
 So fill up the howdah and fling the rupee;
 Give your turbans a toss for your Emp'r and me:
 With Lord K. as a comet and me as the star
 There'll be lots of good light at the Delhi Durbar!"

He has climbed to his seat, and he looks mighty bold
 In the flame of his scarlet, the gleam of his gold.
 And it's Ho! for our RAJ, and it's Poo! for the Czar,
 When Lord CURZON sets out for the Delhi Durbar.

There's the thunder of guns, there's a roar of applause,
 There's the glint of dark eyes flashing brightly through
 gauze;
 And there's many a Press-man inditing his par
 To the fame of Lord C. and the Delhi Durbar.

Oh, the RAJAH speaks up, and it's "Bring me my sacks:
 I've the money to spend, and I'll spend it in lakhs.
 Let my palace hide empty, my gates stand ajar,
 For I'm off, I and mine, to the Delhi Durbar."

And the Ryot takes stock of his fields and his rice;
 He has sorted his savings and counted the price:—
 'Tis a year of no rent for the grim Zemindar
 When the Ryot looks in at the Delhi Durbar.

Then up with the standard and let it fly free,
 And salute it, salute it, with thirty times three!
 And shout, each civilian, and soldier, and tar,
 With the rest of our world, for the Delhi Durbar!
 "So fill up the howdah and fling the rupee;
 Give your turbans a toss for your Emp'r and me:
 With Lord K. as a comet and me as the star
 There'll be lots of good light at the Delhi Durbar!"
 "Tis."

THE KIPLING PROCESSION.

AN important feature of the Durbar ceremonies which seems to have escaped notice was the grand Kipling Procession. It was only fitting that one whose name and fame is so much associated with our Indian Empire should have a prominent position in the celebrations, and it will be seen from the following details that the Procession was on a scale of unparalleled magnificence.

The order of the stately progress was as follows:—

Captains COURAGEOUS.

A Phantom Rickshaw containing Mr. KIPLING's laurels.
 A cart bearing an exhibition tank in which is discovered
 Mr. SWIMBURSE swimming in samples of the Seven Seas.

Soldiers Three.

The Oaf bearing the Mud.

The Chief Jingo bearing the Banjo.

The Fool bearing the Flannel.

The Cat who walked by himself.

Bodyguard of Stalky & Co.

A Duke's Son. A Cook's Son. A Son of a Hundred Kings.

No. 1 Big Gun Carriage drawn by The Camel (led by Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS), The Baby Elephant (led by Mr. THOS. HARRY), The Python Rock Snake (led by Mr. J. M. BARRIE), and The Crocodile (led by Mr. WM. WATSON), and containing
 Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN.

Mrs. JANE OAKLEY.

Detachment (very much detached) of Absent-minded Beggars.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Dr. FITCHETT is the marine of historical episode writing; *Per mare per terras* is his motto. Having painted in glowing colours scenes and men connected with the army on land, in *Nelson and his Captains* (SMITH, ELDER) he goes down to the sea in ships and does business in the great waters. Excellent business it is, too, the sea and the sailor supplying a more picturesque background than is found on the commonplace Continent. My Baronite, having read all Dr. FITCHETT's tales of battle on land, thinks his best work is his sea piece. The character study of NELSON realises the man—his physical weakness, his angularity, his one eye, his one arm, his shrill voice when excited, his somewhat feminine disposition, his dauntless daring, his supreme genius—more clearly than is accomplished in larger tomes. His captains were worthy of his companionship, being inspired by his influence, animated by his example. Saxon and Celt reading the glowing narrative, will feel proud to know it's all true.

In *The New Century Library* (NELSON AND SONS) the Baron greets with pleasure and approval the appearance, in easily portable volume size, of *Tom Burke* by LEVER, *Scott's Ivanhoe*, *DICKENS's Hard Times* and *Christmas Stories*, *THACKERAY's Book of Snobs* (immortal work!) and his *Contributions to Punch*. Dipping into this last book the Baron finds how the 19th day of October, 1844 is recorded as the date of "the Fat Contributor's great adventure at the Pyramids and *Punch's* enthronisation there." Thus writes WILLIAM MAKEPEACE in his own inimitable style, "I pasted the great placard of *Punch* on the Pyramid of Cheops. I did it. The Fat Contributor did it. If I die, it could not be undone. If I perish I have not lived in vain." And in the year of grace 1902, in the twelfth month and the fourteenth day of the month, two of Mr. *Punch's* young men

"Took a boat and went to sea,"

and proceeded (as did the "F. C." per the P. & O.'s "magnificent steamship *Burrumpooter*," only this was not the name of the vessel that carried our Punctious missionaries) to India. They did not, however, delay en route for the purpose of ascending the Great Pyramid, and reporting whether or no there may still be any record on the summit, or on the way thereto, of the historic visit of the Fat Contributor. He himself has declared, "one placard I pasted on the first landing-place (who knows how long Arab rapacity will respect the sacred hieroglyphic?)." Imagine "the Fat Contributor" at the Durbar! How delightful he would have been! And what a meeting between him and dear old Colonel Newcome, while Jos Sedley, fuming, would be waiting tiffin for a *partie carrée*. Who would be the fourth at that table, a lady or a gentleman? Fill up the place how you will. Only, if there be any hesitation as to who might be "the properest person," let Jos Sedley wait; give his seat to Major Dobbin; Mr. *Punch* will take the chair at that party, with cigar to follow; and to finish, a quiet Indian rubber. *Eheu fugaces!* Here's to the pious and immortal memory of WILLIAM, the one and only THACKERAY!

A *Dog Day*, by WALTER EMANUEL, pictured by CECIL ALDIN (HEINEMANN), is very amusing. But the best of all the tableaux is that of the uncommonly sly dog, the hero of these adventures, wistfully regarding a canary in a cage suspended well out of his reach. The motto should have been, "Such things are too high for me." Though, on consideration, this motto would have even better served a picture of a gentleman holding his nose when a grouse in a very "gamey" state had been placed before him by a waiter impervious to nice distinctions in scents and flavours.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

X.—Mr. C. B. Fry.

On entering Mr. Fry's gymnasium we found him so absorbed in a game of Wibbly Wob that he was entirely unconscious of our presence. This gave us an opportunity to examine the room, which reflected at every turn the tastes and accomplishments of its gifted occupant. Pens and cricket-pads, notebooks and footballs, dumb-bells and blotting-pads, parallel bars and press-cuttings, running shoes and encyclopædias, shorts and shorthand notes strewn the apartment. Over the mantelpiece was a portrait of the Sussex Indian Prince inscribed "To the best bat of the day, from a better," and on



"Mr. Fry leaped lightly over our head."

the door was pinned the ten thousand and fourteenth photograph of Mr. Fry at the wicket.

When we had proceeded thus far in our investigation the game of Wibbly Wob terminated, and Mr. Fry leaped lightly over our head, bidding us welcome as he passed. While still in mid air he changed his mind and leaped back again. After running up one wall, along the ceiling, and down the other wall, he offered us a chair and subsided gracefully into another.

"This is my Ping-Pong hour," he remarked, looking at his watch, "but I'll give it to you instead."

"Do you play games all day?" we asked.

"All day," he answered. "I begin with a Blankley exerciser. Then I row for an hour, bat for an hour at the nets in the back garden, run for an hour, jump for an hour, and play football for an hour. That brings me to lunch. After lunch I play Wibbly Wob, Ping-Pong and Parlour Croquet, and generally



"This is my Ping-Pong hour."

spend an hour at the photographer's. This is essential, for you may have perhaps observed that I look quite different every time you see me. Then comes tea. After tea I exercise on the bars, vault, turn somersaults, and use the Indian Clubs. In the evening I play Tiddly Winks, Spillikins, Bumble-puppy and Bridge."

"But when do you write?"

"Oh, I write all the time. I never use more than one hand for games; I write with the other. While I was playing Wibbly Wob just now I was simultaneously engaged on my weekly Corinthian column for the *Builder*."



"Oh, I write all the time."

"Can you tell us anything about yourself, Mr. Fry? Your name, for example, how did you get that?"

"Well, the Frys are mostly Quakers, and I trace my descent to the inventor of cocca-nut matting. I was called C. B. after CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. One of my first jumps was over his fence. Then, as you know, when only thirteen years old I charged a 17-stone man at Rugby football. He never recovered the shock. At Oxford I studied the classics profoundly, visited Greece in the 'Long' and received the freedom of Corinth."

"And what are your plans?"

"I have not decided yet whether to stand against Mr. RECKITT for the Brigg Division in the Blue interest, to edit the



"I was called C. B. after Campbell-Bannerman. One of my first jumps was over his fence."

Times, or take seriously to Oology. It depends on how the ducks lay next cricket season."

"Who is your greatest hero in modern life?"

"RANJL."

"And what is your pet ideal?"

"To make 100 in both innings, get a substitute to field, and write an account of the match simultaneously for two papers. And now you must excuse me, as I have to give my son, already a promising centre forward though only four years old, a lesson in the use of the stylograph."

A Belated, but none the less Hearty, Welcome.

O Royal Baby Number Five,
Your trusty *Punch* salutes you;
In happy moment you arrive;
Wax fat, as babies should, and thrive,
And show that Earth-life suits you.

THE VICEROY AT HOME.

SIMLA, Saturday.

"SALAAM, Excellency."

"Get up, get up, TOBY. That's all very well and proper with some of the people here. But I don't care about old friends kow-towing. And how did you leave things at Westminster? Is it true that BRODRICK goes down to the House in khaki, and insists upon Members opposite, when putting a question, approaching with military salute?"

"I haven't observed the habit. I looked in rather with intent of seeing how your Excellency is getting along, than with the purpose of talking about things at Westminster. Do you on the whole prefer Simla to Southport?"

"Yes," said the VICEROY, who I observe has grown a little stouter. "Since you put [it that way, I can reply in the



TOBY, M.P. INTERVIEWS SHAH KHERZON OF KHED-EL-STAN AT DELHI.

affirmative. Simla stands higher than Southport, and there are no football clubs. Bazaars of course we have in India, but as they were opened before I came, I am spared that melancholy and expensive duty. I miss the excitement that periodically thrills Southport, of wondering whether the tide is coming in this week, or whether it is due the week after next; always a subject of lively conversation with my old constituents. Also we have no boats on wheels careening over the level sand under full sail. Still, we have the Himalayas, also the Elephants."

"I am sure," I said with courteous bow, learned at the courts in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane, "your Excellency will feel peculiarly at home with these, in diverse ways, colossal products of beneficent Nature."

The VICEROY eyed me sharply, as if suspecting I were engaged upon an enterprise which, concerning ordinary mortals, is known as pulling his leg.

Recognising my extreme sobriety of purpose, he replied, "The Himalayas are very well in their way, though some-

times I find myself longing for a glimpse of Primrose Hill. The elephant I certainly have taken to riding for an hour every morning. His trot is a little startling when you first experience it, and his canter recalls the Channel passage in a gale from the south-west. But it is inspiring, I think I may say healthful. I intend, when I return to England, to bring an elephant with me and show the Liver Brigade the way round the Park."

"Has your Excellency any intention of presently illuminating London?"

"No, TOBY," said the VICEROY, a cloud settling on his Himalayan brow. "I hear the East a-calling, and I obey its mandate to remain, to the end—perhaps after:

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where JAMSHYD gloried and drank deep;
And BAHRAM, that great Hunter—the wild ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

What AKBAR and AURUNGEZEB commenced in the way of ruling India, I shall finish. India and I were made for each other. My heart's desire is that both shall benefit from the conjunction."

"From all I hear since I set foot on this storied land, I have reason to know that, as far as India is concerned, your Excellency has in large measure achieved your purpose. India was never so prosperous as it stands to-day, nor were its myriad multitudes happier or more contented. I happened to be in the House of Commons when Lord GEORGE HAMILTON brought in the Indian Budget. I fancy we rather gained the impression that the increasing prosperity marked through the last three years was directly due to the prescience and the personal administration of the Secretary of State."

"GEORGIE HAMILTON!" exclaimed the VICEROY, his regal right hand clutching the hilt of his scimitar.

With wonderful self-command he checked his flow of speech and toyed with the jewelled hilt, as if the swift action noted had been accidental and meaningless. Above his gilded chair, with its imperial crown-shaped canopy, hung a hand-painted daguerreotype of TIMUR the Tartar. (That great Conqueror, it will be remembered, flourished before the age of photography.) As the flush of passion momentarily mantled his brow, I was struck by the strong resemblance between the ruthless Tartar and GEORGE, first Baron CURZON of KEDLESTON, sometime Fellow of All Souls, Oxford.

The storm passed as rapidly as it had risen.

"Tell me about PRINCE ARTHUR," said the VICEROY, with winning smile and dulcet voice. "Did he really enjoy himself in Committee on the Education Bill, and was he pained when deserted by JOHN O' GORST, last of the Barons—or was it the Mohicans?"

"Of Vice-Presidents of the Council," I humbly suggest.

"Exactly," said the VICEROY, waving his hand with large manner indicative of habitual freedom from minor details of that character. "Of course ARTHUR would still have the exhilarating company of FINLAY, and I understand that ANSON, JOHN O' GORST's successor, is a person of irrepressible humour. As you see, the House of Commons still interests me. But, after all, it's a small place compared with India. Of course you'll be at the Durbar? Fancy you'll like to see me curvetting astride my elephant as I ride with escort of Princes through the Silver Street of Delhi to the Mori Gate. Good morning, and *au revoir*. How is the MEMBER FOR SARK?"

I was out in the courtyard under the brilliant sunlight of Indian Christmastide. It seemed semi-darkness after the brilliancy of the presence in which a moment earlier I stood.



FITZ-JONES, WHO BELIEVES, WHEN IN ROME, IN DOING AS ROME DOES, IS SUFFERING SLIGHTLY FROM ORIENTAL HOSPITALITY, AND CONSEQUENTLY EXPERIENCES THE ASIATIC VARIETY OF NIGHTMARE!



AT OUR OPENING MEET.

Stranger from over the water. "I GUESS YOU'VE A MIGHTY SMART BUNCH OF DOGS THERE, M'LORD!" Noble but crusty M.F.H. "THEN YOU GUESS WRONG, SIR. THIS IS A PACK OF HOUNDS!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE War Office has often been chaffed for paying too much attention to our soldiers' dress. Earl SELBORNE has now decided that there is to be uniform training for all branches of the Navy.

The conviction of Madame HUMBERT is by no means assured. She has pretty hands and feet.

The lady is already in training. According to the *Daily Mail* "she wore a tailor-made dress, and was visibly affected" on her arrival in Paris.

The late war with Venezuela did not bring much glory to any of the parties engaged in it, but we are astonished

more was not made of the one British success that was scored. *H.M.S. Fantôme*, which grounded on a mud-bank, was successfully re-floated.

Meanwhile recent events have brought home to the Venezuelans the importance of possessing a strong navy, and an important programme has been prepared. Financial difficulties prevent a great deal being done at present, but orders have already been placed for a couple of outriggers.

Close upon the news of the treaty between Great Britain and Japan, and the arrangement between Great Britain and Germany, comes the announcement of an alliance between the Table Tennis Association and the Ping-Pong Association.

There were complaints here at Christmas-time that we were not having seasonable weather. It was all right in America. Among other nice seasonable occurrences on the other side of the Atlantic a trainful of passengers was buried twenty feet in the snow.

The custom of sending "Art Calendars" instead of cards as a New Year's greeting is spreading. It is scarcely a change for the better. As often as not the calendars are too big to go into one's waste-paper basket.

We are delighted to hear that Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE is making excellent progress. His condition is described as most hopeful. An interval of upwards of three weeks elapsed between his two last gifts of free libraries.

In these prosaic days it is always a pleasure to be able to draw attention to a pretty fancy. We learn from a Society paper that one of the latest fashions is for ladies to wear on their necks a row of black beetles, made of jet.

Attention was drawn a few weeks back in the Bankruptcy Court to the fact that times had recently been bad for Company promoters. The distress among them is said to be now more acute than ever. We hear of at least one who has been driven to accept a position in the pantomime of *The Forty Thieves*, and that, by an irony of fate, merely as a super.

An American poet, for a wager, acted as butler at a dinner party given by a lady millionaire, and completely took in his friends. He had never had a like success as a poet.

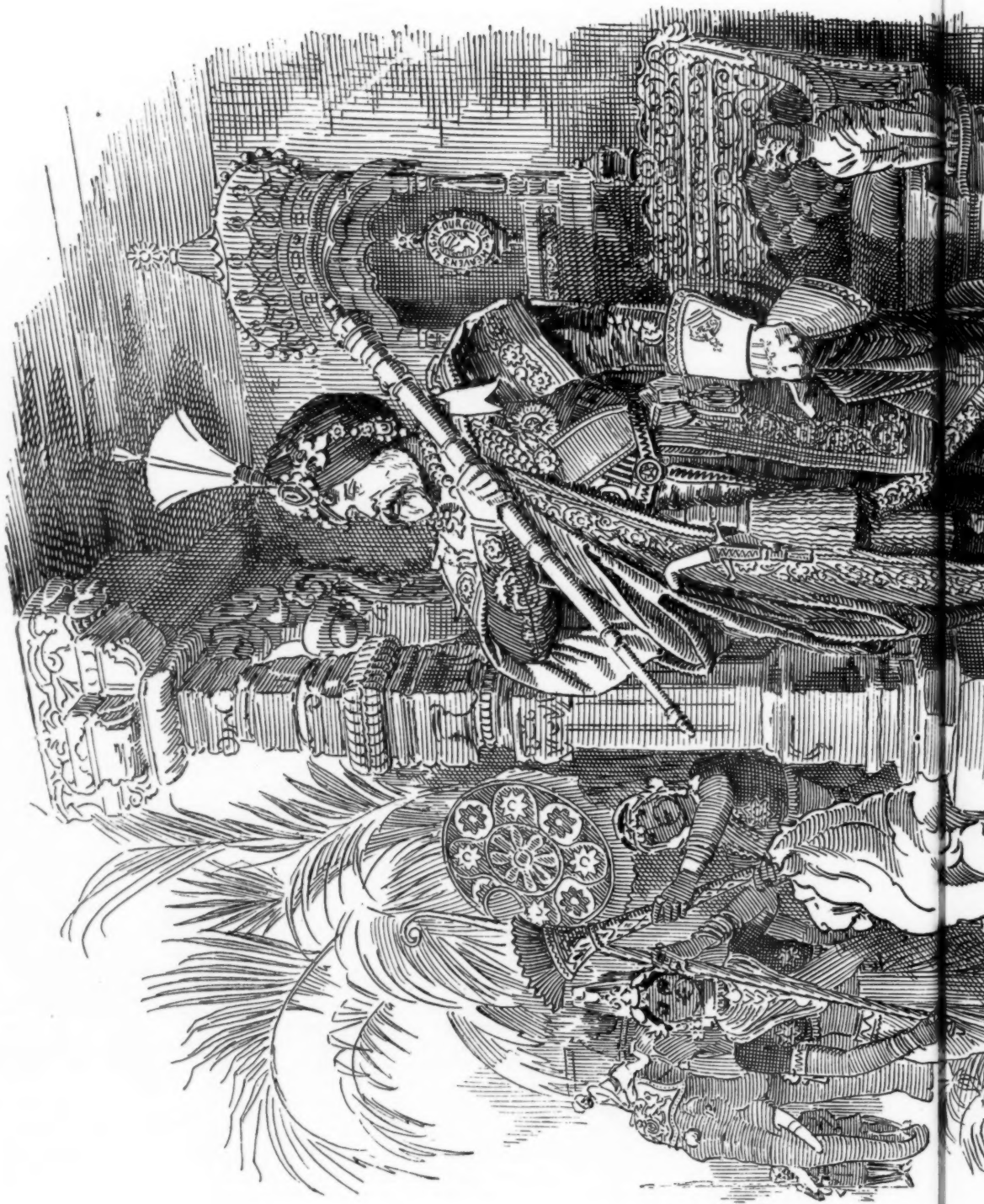
Paris, by the by, has discovered a 10-year-old poet whose first book has been published by LEMERRE. Her verses are stated to compare favourably with the work of the greatest English poets, but Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, it is said, has written to deny this.

A NEW YEAR'S RONDEL.

NINETEEN hundred and three—
Ah! what have you in store?
Joys?—or griefs to deplore,
Do your omens foresee?

Grey—where gold used to be;
One deep wrinkle the more;
Nineteen hundred and three—
Ah! what have you in store?

When we, greeting with glee
Nineteen hundred and four,
Scan with sorrow your score,
What will then be your plea—
Nineteen hundred and three?





Lilly Sanderson

VIVAT IMPERATOR.





A NEW ROUND.

MISS 1903 DRIVES OFF.



THE WAR COMMISSION.

THE rumour that the War Commission intend to defer publication of their findings until after paying a visit to South Africa is hardly borne out by the appearance of the following Report, a copy of which lately reached us:—

1. *Resolved* that the Commission is definitely of the opinion that a war recently took place in South Africa.

2. *Resolved* that the finding of this Commission, on the evidence before it, is to the effect that the war was against the Boers.

3. *Resolved* that this Commission is of opinion that the forethought displayed by the Secretary of State for War and his official staff in recognising the outbreak of hostilities, is worthy of remark.

4. *Resolved* that this Commission views with grave suspicion the introduction of new methods into the Army. The Commission feels that it cannot too strongly endorse the perfect reliability of the methods which have hitherto been employed, and have proved so signally successful during the late War.

5. *Resolved* that in the opinion of this Commission the Boers used horses, and that this fact may possibly have involved some little inconvenience to the British troops.

6. *Resolved* that in the opinion of this Commission the Government's expectation of the capture of Pretoria by Christmas, 1899, was possibly somewhat premature.

7. *Resolved* that with regard to individual actions, in the opinion of this Commission a little more resource might possibly have been shown in the regrettable Spion Kop incident. That it appears to the Commission that a likely solution to the question as to how the incident occurred, is to be found in the fact that some slight misunderstanding arose between the various commanding officers. Misunderstandings, in the opinion of this Commission, are inimical to effective action.

8. *Resolved* that though, in the opinion of this Commission, any reflection upon the capacity of any of the commanding officers is to be deprecated, the Commission applauds the action of the Secretary of State for War in causing one or two Generals to retire. It would further observe, however, that had the Secretary for War thought fit to elevate these Generals to a higher position than any they had previously occupied, the elevation would have received the Commission's unqualified endorsement.

9. *Resolved* that though there were during the War several incidents of a regrettable nature, the explanations for which are not forthcoming, this Commission has perfect confidence that there were excellent reasons for these occurrences.



WIRELESS LOVE.

ALTHOUGH, sweet maid, 'tis often proved
The ways of love are hard and stony,
At least one obstacle's removed,
Thanks to the triumph of MARCONI;
For him my heart, with joy elate,
Is wildly bubbling o'er with gratitude;
For now I can communicate
With you in any clime or latitude!
No more, dear heart, shall distance drown
The lover's hopes or damp his mettle;
But you shall flash your love from town
To me on Popocatepetl!

Once, per the pinions of the wind,
I feigned to send my protestations;
But waves of ether now I find
Are best for such communications!
I'll send to you a message straight,
In honeyed phrases I'll enwrap it;
Nor shall a rival lie in wait
Basely to intercept or tap it!
Though sojourning in alien tents,
I know there's naught our love can smother,
If, like our hearts, our instruments
Are kept attuned to one another!

UP-TO-DATE PROVERB.—Better a barren greengage on the wall than a flourishing mortgage on the roof.

PILGRIMS TO THE EAST.

II.—THE PILGRIMS' P.-AND-O.-GRESS.

December 15th. Off Crete.—I have been making up a riddle to ask myself—Why is Marriage like the Mediterranean?—and at once guessed the

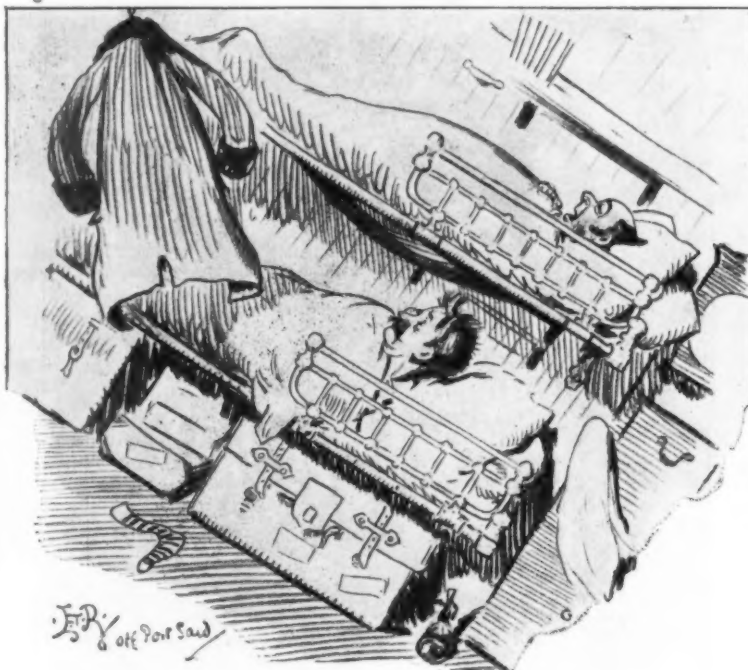
Yet her wooers are not to be put off by many rebuffs, though I know of no one who has ever gone beyond this preliminary dalliance except the Doges, and they only married into a branch of her family.

In the absence of European news I

able ignorance of the right method of hoisting a mast in an emergency. Everyone expressed satisfaction that this was only a pantomime rehearsal, and that our lives in no way depended, as yet, on this man's energy and professional skill. At the conclusion of his perfunctory labours, on which the First Officer passed some scathing comments from the bridge, I determined to make a closer study of the delinquent mariner, and was fortunate enough to find him, a few moments later, engaged in sketching privily the features of an Hereditary Prince. It was only then that, beneath the Oriental disguise which had defied the intelligence of the authorities, I recognised The Other Pilgrim!

I may add (since it is my intention to deviate as little as may be from the truth) that my account of the above episode is composed with the purpose of simplifying The Other Pilgrim's picture, and is based upon no sort of fact.

I have used the expression "Hereditary Prince." This, again, is a justifiable device. It serves to veil the individuality of a very distinguished person. I propose to adopt this method of concealment in the interests of self-preservation, as we have so many distinguished persons on board that I have been told that I ought to give to my journal the title of "*With Dukes to Delhi*." Indeed, to-night, when the stars rushed out close on the last of the sunset, they almost instantly paled



RESIDENTIAL FLATS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

(WANTED, A VERTICAL.)

answer as follows:—Because each is a lottery. At first I was pleased with this *jeu d'esprit*, and my good opinion of it was confirmed by a fellow-passenger; but I knew afterwards that it was neither funny nor true. Of course it is the question itself that is all wrong in supposing a comparison possible between mutable matter like the Mediterranean and a fixed abstraction like the married state. If I ever make another riddle on this so-called French lake I shall compare it with a maiden exceptionally fancy-free. Enjoying a reputation for perennial charm, her temper is distinguished by an inconstancy that makes some people positively ill. I am not of their number, but I can appreciate their feelings. No length of custom seems to stale her appalling variety. Her eyes, supposed of a changeless blue, take on by turns all tones of sullen grey and stormy green as her mood inclines. To-day I own that the blue eyes laugh without a stain; but only last Friday her expression and behaviour were of the most sinister.

cannot say if anything has recently occurred to enhance the splendour of England's isolation; but I noticed as a significant fact that we slipped past between Corsica and Sardinia in the dead of night (the lights in the smoking-room being cautiously extinguished at 11 p.m.) and between Sicily and Calabria in the early dawn, before the batteries, if any, were awake. In the case of Crete—so negligible is the prestige of Turkey—we have been more courageous, steaming under the lee of its wild coast all the morning, and catching from time to time some siren echoes of the European concert. In speaking of Crete, I find myself in accord with the general view of the passengers as to the identity of this island, though a Canadian savant on board has expressed an opinion that it was not Crete after all, but just Candia.

A stirring event occurred shortly after breakfast this morning. The alarm bell rang up the crew for practice at boat stations. It was remarked that one of the Lascars displayed a quite unpardon-



Disguised as a Lascar, I make furtive studies of Dukes.

their ineffectual fires before the galaxy of grace and breeding which met their seaward gaze. And though the issues of *Punch* which contain my observations on our voyage cannot reach India till the Durbar is over, there is always the fear of meeting many of my present fellow-passengers on the homeward journey, when these trifles, cast upon the waters, might return after many days to convict me of indiscretion.

So far we have hardly done justice to ourselves, being, in a measure, the sport of wind and wave. But "Ship us somewhere east of Suez—" and you shall see. Meantime there is an inclination to depreciate our resources, and one may hear a lady, whose baggage consists of thirty-five trunks, addressed by another, who travels with only thirty, in this way:—"No, my dear, I have brought absolutely nothing with me; just a couple of evening gowns and a tiara or two, and, perhaps, a few necklaces. When one is travelling, you know—. And then, in camp, it would be too tiresome having detectives about you all the time."

December 16. *Nearing Port Said.*—A new and tremendous sensation! Not only are we approaching what is undoubtedly part of the land of the ancient Pharaohs, but the very sea in this neighbourhood is hallowed by recent association with the Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. Now for the first time since leaving Marseilles we are to touch at least the remote fringe of his wake. I will write more next week, but my heart is just now too full for words, and the luncheon-gong has sounded. O. S.

THE NEW "ROADS" SCHOLARS.

[A Scholarship in Road Locomotion or Cycle Engineering is to be offered to the Midland University.]

Light of the Midlands! happy Birmingham!

Training alumni in that useful lore
Which Isis and which Cam
Eternally ignore!

Within thy groves co-educated youth
(Aspiring Boy with Academic Maid)
May realise how Truth
Goes hand-in-hand with Trade.

The market there they diligently watch,
Taught by thy Faculty of Commerce:
there

All on the hop they catch
The fluctuating share:

There, in their callings several, Degrees
Butchers and Bakers annually take:
By studying for these
They learn to butch and bake.



Girl (new to India). "EXCUSE ME, BUT CAN YOU TELL ME THE WAY TO KINKEE LODGE?"

He. "DON'T KNOW IT BY NAME. WHAT'S IT LIKE?"

Girl. "OH, WHITEWASHED—THATCHED ROOF—WITH A VERANDAH."

He (still unenlightened). "THEY'RE ALL LIKE THAT. TELL ME WHO LIVES THERE. I'M SURE TO KNOW THEM."

Girl. "WHY I DO!"

But most he satisfies the craving mind,
The youth who wins 'mid his competing
peers

A Scholarship, designed
For Cycle Engineers!

The studious boy whom some paternal
shop
Has daily taught with profitable toil
'Mid chains and cranks to drop
The lubricating oil—

To him some sage of Coventry shall show
(Perchance) the principles by which you
may

An Epic Cycle know
From Cycles of Cathay:

Or may the soaring fantasy suppose
Some student pale, on arts linguistic set,
Doing for Latin Prose
The C. T. C. Gazette?

Oh no! a language fortunately dead
In vain employs her blandishments on
him:

Daily he'll learn instead
What brakes control the rim:

Treading the cinderpath of knowledge, he
Will realise the difference betwixt
Such wheels as circle free
And such as move, tho' fixt.

Why should the pedagogue and why
the Don
With learning frivolous the mind fulfil?
Why waste our time upon
The Education Bill?

Books cause the brain quite needlessly to
ache: [sphere

But O, the pastor's and the master's
Is this alone—to make
The Cycle Engineer!



Little Dobbs (who is a good dancer, but has let his partner down with a crash). "THAT WAS MY VERY FIRST ACCIDENT. WILL YOU GIVE ME A DANCE?"
 She (majestically). "CERTAINLY, WITH PLEASURE. I NEVER LET A MAN DOWN IN MY LIFE!"

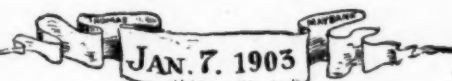
C. E. Brock
 1903

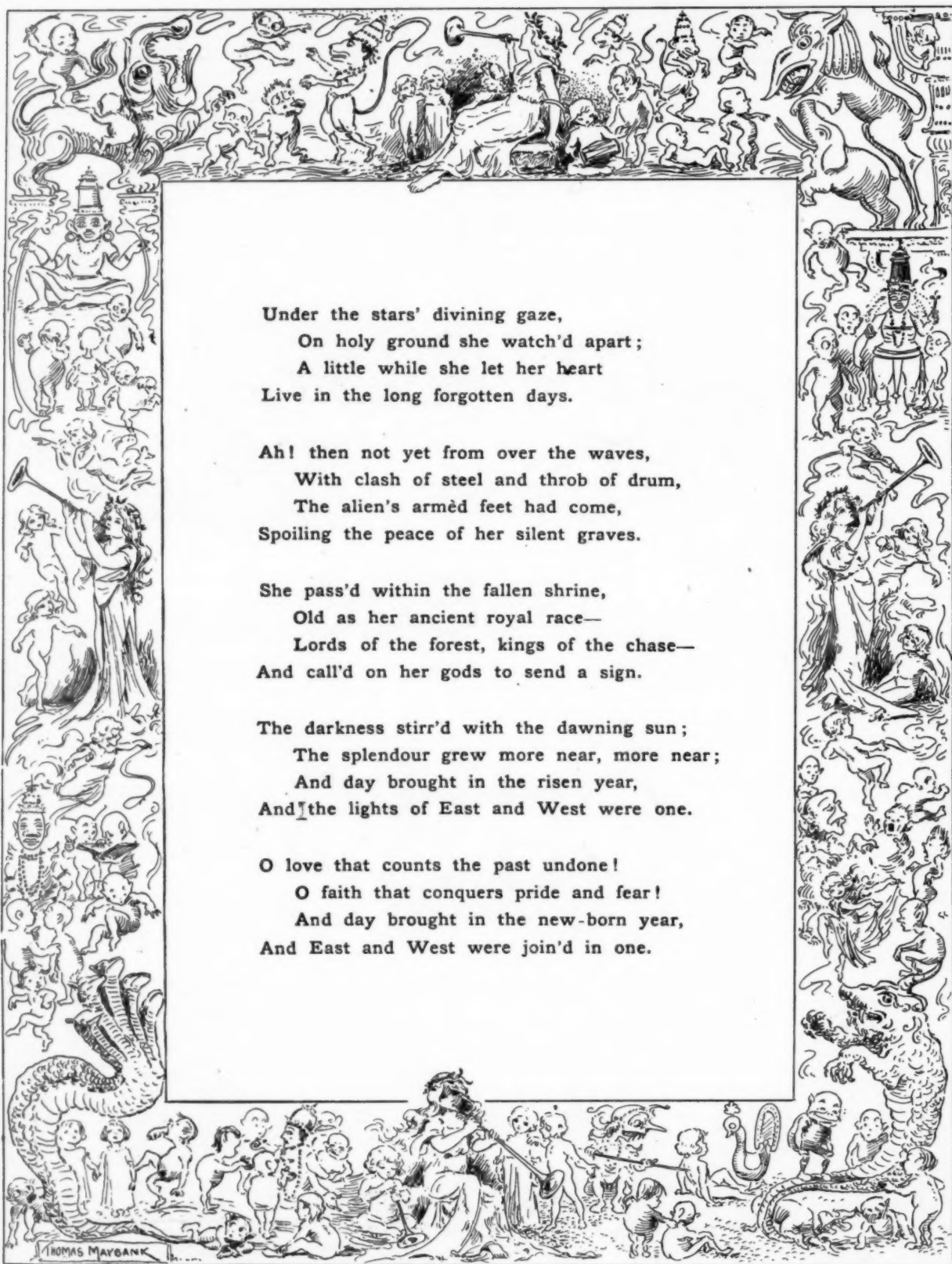


RÊVERIE

OF THE

CASE





A RÊVERIE OF THE EAST

(Delhi. Jan. 1903.)

Words by
OWEN SEAMAN.

MUSIC BY
ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

THOMAS MAYBANK

Lento, mesto. (♩ = 76.)

VOICE

pp dol.

Un - der the stars' di-vin-ing

ACCOMP.

pp dol.

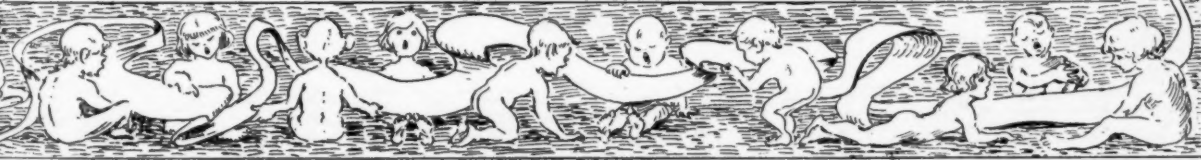
pp

pp

gaze, On ho - ly ground she watch'd..... a - part ;.....

p

p dol.



p

A lit-tle, while she let her heart Live in the long, the long for - got - ten

pp

Poco animato. *p* *mf* *accelerando.*

days..... Ah! then not yet from o - ver the waves, With clash of steel.....

mf *marcato.* *mf* *accelerando.*

f *a tempo.*

..... and throb of drum,..... The a - - lien's ar - med feet.....

mf *sempre cres.*

mf tranquillo. *p*

..... had come, Spoiling the peace,..... Spoiling the peace of her si - lent graves....

p *tranquillo.* *dim.* *pp*

2

.....

p *dim.* *mf*

pp

p *tranquillo.* *mf*

She pass'd with-in the fall - en shrine, Old as her an-cient roy-al

p

f *Maestoso.* *mf*

race— Lords of the for-est, kings of the chase—..... And

f *Maestoso.* *mf* *f* *p*

tranquillo, come prima. *dim.*

call'd on her gods to send a sign,..... And call'd on her gods.....

tranquillo, come prima. *f* *p* *sonore.*

3



pp
 to send a sign.....
sempre legato.
dim. *R.H.*

un poco animato p
 The dark - ness stir'd with the dawn - ing sun ; The splen - dour grew more near, more
pp *sempre legato.*

near ;..... And day brought 'in the ris-en year, And the
p *p* *cres.* *mf*
*tremolo legato. Ped. * Ped. **

lights..... of East and West were one.....
mf *mf* *accelerando molto.* *f*



Piu mosso.
p *mf*
 O love that counts the past un - done ! O faith that conquers pride and

Molto stringendo. *p* *mf* *Molto allargando.* *cres.* *f* *Animato.*
 fear ! And day..... brought in..... the new - born year, And East and West were

mf
 join'd in one..... O love..... that counts the past un - done ! O

mf *Molto stringendo.*
 faith that conquers pride and fear ! And day brought in..... the new - -

Molto stringendo. *p* *tremolo.*

f *Maestoso.*

born year,..... And East..... and West..... were

join'd..... in one,..... And East and West were join'd, join'd in

a tempo accelerando. (ad lib.)

one.....

crescendo. *f* *f* *Ped.* *

a tempo accelerando.

A.C. Mackenzie